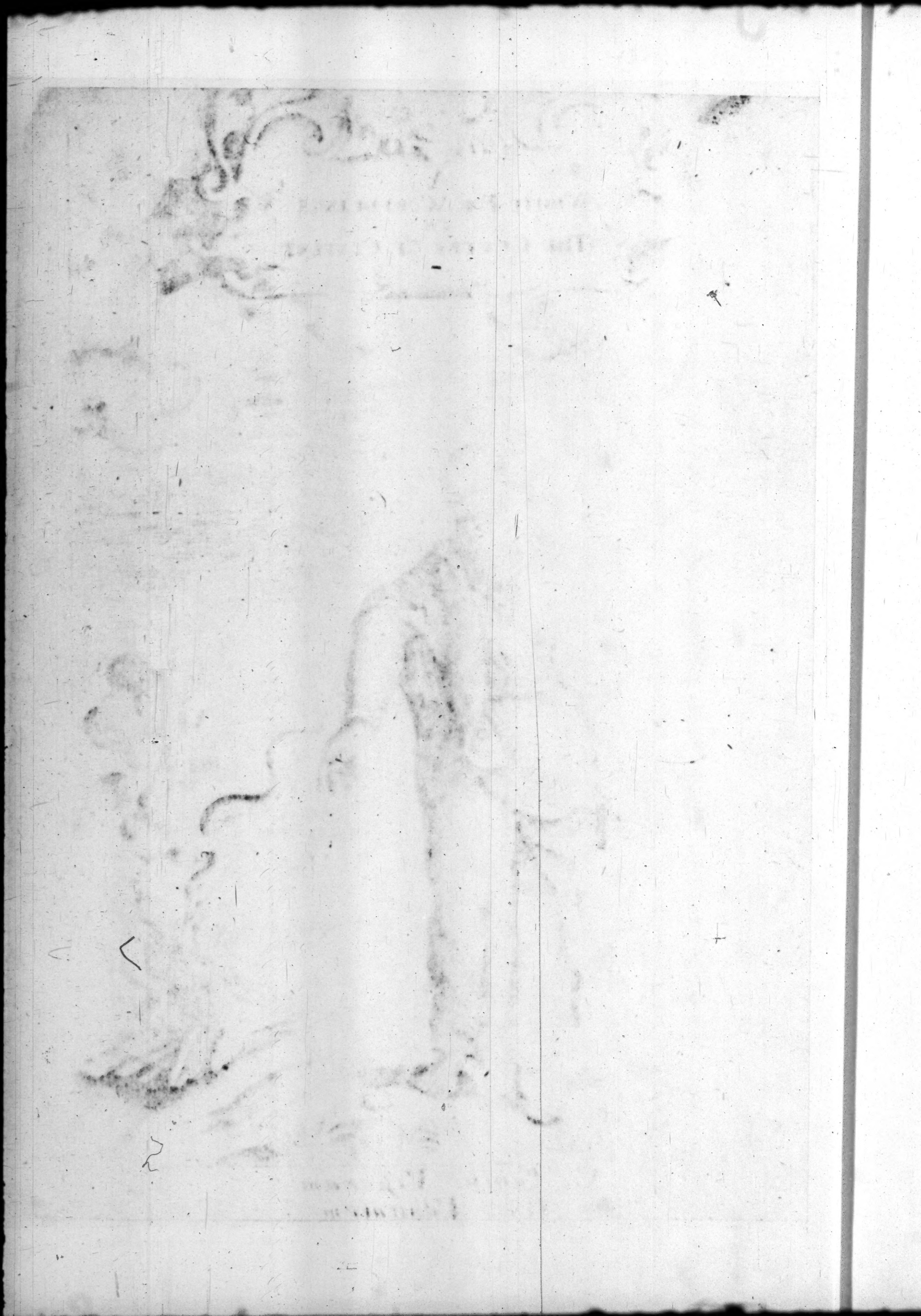




Vt Paulus Viperam  
Sic Pius Vanitatem

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## To the Reader.



Y modest lines thy milder censure craves,  
They kicke not at authoritie, outbraves  
No poore deiectiond soul, faine would they tell,  
That greatnes, goodnes, should together dwell,  
The rich, in spirit poore, the poore should be  
Rich in all graces, with humilitie.  
That Monarches, Iudges, Magistrates, yea all  
The Civill as Ecclesiasticall,  
Should so discharge their places in love, feare,  
As shortly to receive their loane else where;  
That those of lowe degree themselves demeane,  
As may their blest profession best beleeme,  
Giving all men their due, below, above,  
So shall they die in peace, who liv'd in love;  
That neither wise in wisdome, strong in might,  
Rich in his riches glorie; but as right  
Give God the praise, so vse those giftes him lent  
As a good steward, Gods blest instrument;  
That the afflicted, those with tempests toss'd,  
Vncomforted, give not themselves for lost,  
Although their drinke be teares commix'd with gall,  
He that did wound, can heale, can kill, recall  
To life, affliction touchstone like doth trie  
The reines, the hart; as fire doth purifie  
The Gold, so they the Saints; though now they mourne,  
Their sweet release to greater ioy shall turne.  
Right precious in his sight are all Gods Saints,  
At rest, forgets not God, distress'd, not faints,  
Living, vnto the Lord they live, and die  
In him, to live with him eternally.

Good, gentle, peacefull Reader, I present  
This masse thus dress'd vnto thee; my intent

Is good,



Is good, if here be ought that's for thy use  
If thou find profite by it, no abuse,  
Receive it from thy freind in love, and say  
Th'art promis'd, if God will, an higher lay.

*Thine*

STEPHEN TAYLOR.

---

Ad Avarum

O forem huiusce libelli & roforem.

**F**Asciculum *σκηνοῦς* *Florum* (Diodore) paravit  
Dic mihi, quid sentis? non probo. Sentis inest.  
Dic, ubi te pungit? digitos. Mentiris inepte.  
Non digitos pungit, pungit at hic animum.  
Tu curas depone tuas, qua sunt magè sentes,  
Et rosa tunc redolens, quod modo sentis, erit.

Authori Amico obtulit

Mich: Edmonds.



A  
WHIPPE FOR WORLDLINGS  
OR  
THE CENTRE OF CONTENT.



Hy should the boundles ill-disposed mind  
Of brittle man, vnconstant as the vvind,  
VVith svelling pride, disdainefull arrogance,  
Seeke to himself the vvorlds sole governance?  
Alas, so small a part vvould him suffice,  
(If glorie vaine blent not his Reasons eyes)  
That he should find that vvho possesseth least  
Ha's most content, vvhich is that God-like Feast ;  
That onely *Summum bonum* here belovve,  
That myrrour cleare through vvhich vve most things knovve;  
That glasse of glorie, by vvhose helpe vve see  
Those secret mysteries of divinitie,  
That richest Ievvell, vvhich the Gods impart  
To those that them adore vvith simple heart ;  
VVhose povvers, blessednes, no tongue can tell  
Saue that vvhich dipp'd hath bene in th'living vvell.  
VVhy are vvee puffed vp? or rather vvhy  
(Knovving our vveakenes our deepe miserie,)  
VVith humbled soul, heart thankfull, chearfull grace,  
Do'nt vve his mercies bountifull embrace ?  
No, no, our natures are so prone to ill,  
That little good vve knovve ; if knovve, not vvill.  
Much like the daughters of the vvatry leach  
By vvisedomes Magazine describ'd, vvhich reach

B

Out



Out their vvide throates after the bloodie prize,  
The more insatiate they gulpe, the more their cries  
Are, give, give ; Such is our vvretched state,  
Fretting our souls vvith cares intemperate,  
VVith restles thoughts, & carkings pining seeke  
VVe Mammons pois'ned treasures, vvhich to keepe  
Our minds are charg'd vvith doubts, & bloudles feares,  
Our spirits all consumes, exciccates, feares.  
VVe plunge our selves into the lovvest deeps  
VVith raving madnes, vvhere vs nothing meets  
But moaning sorrovve, greife remediles,  
Heart-burning hate, vvaisting disquietnes,  
Squint-ey'd suspect, foaming revenge, despight,  
All-dreaded horrovur, shaking pale-look'd affright,  
Blood-stained treason, faithles disloyaltie,  
Corrupted iustice, self eating Iealousie  
Deceite, vvwhose faire fil'd tongue is ever found  
To his hart discord, sharpe, yet no true sound ;  
And after follovves him that monster vilde  
VVith gastsfull lookes, eyes hollovve, all defilde  
About his chinne, his loathsome beard & brest  
VVith filthy-colour'd stinking matter preft  
Through his blacke irkesome teeth, that him to see,  
VVould turne a stomacke strong; (call'd Periurie)  
Then simonie, too vvelcome novv a ghest  
To greatest Prelates, & the surest rest  
(In these corrupted times ) to those that be  
Poorer in parts than purse, in Arts than fee,  
But murder lurkes this vvhile, & vncspi'de  
VVould gladly scape our sight, & steale aside ;  
His colour is too splendent, his path vvay  
Too much is beaten, so that every day,

Nay



Nay every houre, vvhere e'r vve be, report  
Dolefull is made of him in heavie sort.  
Light-shunning shame vvith causes first and last  
Make hast to follovve them before that past.  
Then comes despaire, in vvhole distracted looke  
VVell may you read her lesson vvithout booke,  
VVith speaking gesture, most vnconstant gate,  
VVith raving vvords still cryes out, (all too late,)  
Voice heavie, hollovve, hoarce, vvith a resound  
Much like an emptie caue farre vnder ground;  
Faine vvould she vveepe, to give her self som ease,  
But cannot vveepe, nor greife in least appease,  
The fountaine's drie, her braine the spring is spent,  
All moisture gone, nought left saue sad lament.  
VVith leaden feet her numbred steps s he treads  
Sometimes vvhere Fortune, not vvhere Iudgment leads,  
VVhen s he augments her torments, tortures dire,  
And adds light fuell to her flaming fire.  
Novv bends her brovves against the sparkling skie,  
And then cast dovvne groueling in dust doth lie,  
Cursing the Fates, the Povvers aboue, and all  
That either made her man, or man let fall.  
And then againe as mildly doth she bless  
The state of men, (than Angells not much less)  
That flie in time Satans temptation,  
And vvorke vvith feare their ovvne salvation!  
But sodainely vpstarting from this Muse,  
She flies as fast as if she vvings did vse;  
Or as the speedie poste of heaven had lent  
Her (for more hast) th'aire cutting instrument.  
All bootes not thoe, she finds vvhere e'r she flie  
Death, death eternall doth vvithin her lie:



The vulture, as on Tityus, so doth gnaw  
Her vastles bowels, easeles pangs to draw;  
And with Ixion turned on a wheele,  
Rack'd as Typhæus, while each joynt doth feele  
Vorse than Perillus paines, (that did invent  
The brasen Bull his ovne deaths instrument.)  
Thus, vvretched earth vvormes, doe vve pull amaine  
Our souls losse on vs for the flightest gaine,  
Gaine did I call it? VVhen no tongue can tell,  
How great's the losse, vvhen heavens exchang'd for hell.  
No matter vvhat the man is, so ha's vvealth,  
How qualify'd in mind, if riche in pelfe:  
His Father dy'd but lately, left him store,  
His Vncle's sicke, vvhose death shall bring much more;  
Svweet daughter, give his first access some grace,  
A pleasant smile from that thy lovely face,  
No matter though his stiffe benumbed joynts  
Haue vs'd the flaile, more than those nicer points  
Of gentile exercise; can he not dance?  
Nor curbe the corned steed vvith couched lance  
In hand? nor sing, nor court, nor play  
On lute, or violl, or on that they say  
Arion did repay the Dolphines loue?  
VVhat then (my Doll) this must thy thoughts not moue,  
These complete youths, vvhen they haue spent their 'states,  
May goe and scrape in consort vvith their mates.  
My pretty girle, thy mother vvell did knowe,  
(O giue mee aqua vitæ, else I goe  
To meet her in Elysium, for her name  
Makes sodaine cold to runne through every veine)  
I say she knew, good Creature, how that I,  
Though ne'r instructed in such fopperie,

Could



Could play my part, and frisking skippe about  
 The merrie Maypole, till I her cull'd out  
 From' mongst the route, those vvere the happy daies,  
 VVe vvere not then so nice, so coy; vvhatsaies  
 My darling? how? gippe gossip, hoe  
 Are you so proud novv grovne, vvell, you shall knowve  
 That I your Father am, ha's he no vvitt?  
 He cannot speake, nor looke, nor goe, nor sit,  
 VVhat though he cannot vvrite nor read a letter?  
 Is not than all of these his meanes much better?  
 One casts her self away in best of age  
 Vpon a cree ping goate meerly for gage,  
 And daignes that rotten bulke to cull & kisse,  
 And smiling tells him he Adonis is.  
 VVhen as his toothles gummes, his restles cough  
 She hates in heart and privately does scoffe,  
 Is he not vvell at ease? O then she cries,  
 My dearest Lord, my all-delight, my joyes,  
 VVhere is your paine? tell mee vvhere lies your smart,  
 I need not aske, I feele it at my heart.  
 So doe vve Symphathize. O I could rend  
 The haire from of my head, but to vvhat end?  
 All vvill not help; good Sir, consider vvell  
 Be fore your death your poorer freinds that dvvell  
 In the next village, for they haue children small,  
 And little meanes (God knowes) to help vvithall,  
 For mee there'l be enough, I am but one,  
 And vvhen you die, vvith mee the vvorld is gone;  
 Or if, that care you doe impose on mee,  
 My loue to you in them the vvorld shall see.  
 Novv ha's she vvonne him, straight he does enscost  
 Her in his vvhole estate, and nothing's left



Vndone, but to enioy; yet him recover'd  
In mind she cannot brooke, but undiscover'd,  
Covers vvith vaile of false dy'd joy, & he,  
Ravish'd thervvith, seemes novv in heaven to be,  
But yet for her, this vvind no haver shakes,  
For more content some other shifte she makes;  
Fall backe, fall edge, man ha's no perfect povver;  
If not as vvife, she'l haue it as a——.  
Nor the endovvments rare of largest mind  
In Ethicles, to vertues lore inclin'd,  
Nor yet his personage, admired grace,  
Nor honours due moue Lycia faire an ace;  
VVith the same sauce too is Melissus seru'd,  
Passius his dish delighted in ha's caru'd.  
For he vvas rich, his father left him heire  
Of all his goods, & basenes to an haire.  
But those Heroicke spirits, right Noble brests,  
True glories darlings, Pallas delighted ghests,  
The Muses favourites, base earth disdaines,  
And all those tempting trifles from her veines  
Suck'd by her leane-chopd slaues, their eyes are bent  
Vpon the mind; not the se goods contingent;  
Nor painted vveeds, bigge lookes, affected gate  
Of Pluto's gorgeous sonnes infatuate  
Their sounder judgments, but vvhere vertue cleare  
Or any parts deserving shall appeare,  
Though clad in ragges, & coverd vvith the scorne  
Of fortunes butterflies, seeming forlorne,  
Them they vvill honour, and respect much more  
Than thousand Braggadocho's nam'd before.  
Not meanes, but men; not state, but studies deepe,  
Not pride, but fruitfull lore their favours keepe.

VVhat



VVhat though the vpstart gallants of these times,  
 Mounted aloft by Parents damned crimes,  
 Spreading their tailes as Peacockes, thee deride  
 VVith obscure house, base blood on either side?  
 Forgetting vvhat their fathers vv ere, and hovv  
 They purchas'd that of vv hich they vaunt so novv.  
 One by long suite, and some small feeling by  
 Vnto the favour'd of his Majestie,  
 In forraigne service, or last expedition,  
 Or else at home in one less-lou'd Commission,  
 Procur'd an office, vvhen he so vv ell did licke  
 His fingers, that his sonnes doe find it sticke  
 Still by their ribbes. Another ha's suck'd drie  
 Three better gentlemen, that dvvelt him by,  
 Their charge vv as great, large debts they had to pay,  
 The times vv ere hard, their tenants begg'd delay  
 In paiment of their rents, so they much strain'd,  
 Made use of this their neighbour, vvhen he gain'd  
 His hearts desire, then he himself does blefs  
 Hugging his fortune, and vv ish'd happines.  
 VVith countenance compos'd, & long dravvne speech  
 (After excuse) his mony vv ill not reach  
 Vnto so high a summe, he lets them knowve;  
 But glad vv ould be, if that he could but shovve  
 In that or any service, his affection deare  
 VVhich he to them and theirs did ever beare.  
 vv ell, they'l make shifte then vv ith vv hat he can spare:  
 And one vpon his sonne bestovves a mare  
 In token of acceptance; Sr. forbear,  
 Your bountie's vnderferu'd, he sha'nt I svveare.  
 vv ell, I must rest your debtor; yet, Sr, I pray  
 That this your mortgage may be seal'd to day,

For



For vve are mortall all, & knowve not vwhen  
Our living souls shall leave their fleshie den.  
His vvill obtain'd by reasons large alledg'd,  
All deemes he as his ovvne, for surely vviedg'd  
He finds himself in their estates, and plods  
Novv hovv to set them that vv ere freinds at odds.  
He knowves that lavvyers loadstones are, they'l looke  
V V hat fish there comes to net by hooke or crooke  
To make their prize, than vv which he seekes not more  
(He payes not great that cannot lesser score,  
Nor can he much that is not vvorld before.)  
In fine, possession he ha's got & holds,  
This is their glorie, this their heart embolds.  
Another vv as Protector to a child,  
His kinsman neare, of nature good and mild,  
For love of vv hose great Fortunes he does send  
To some part farre remote, his daies to spend,  
Telling him travells much enrich the mind,  
And the affections rude in order bind ;  
V V hen counsell he ha's got of Doctors graue,  
V V ho told him plainely, there's no hope to saue  
His life, if thither he his course doe steare,  
V V which as his natures antype doth appeare.  
If this tricke misse, his braine affords one more,  
Prosper not that, he finds out yet a score ;  
For die he must, his thoughts can have no rest,  
Till of those goods & lands he be possess'd.  
V n nam'd there rests one yet, vv ho knevv full vv ell  
(For vv which he hovvles novv 'mongst the feinds in hell)  
To raise himself, and gaine a noted name,  
By being Authour of his daughters shame :  
She vv as a comely creature, in vv hose face



45  
All men vvould say beautie fate link'd vvith grace;  
Too svveet a girle, so base a Sire to have,  
Better for her if th' vvombe had bene her grave.  
He plaies the Pander, vvhat 's her part you'l judge,  
But this is to a Lord, that vvill not grudge  
Nor stand to question his demands, but grant  
VVhat he in fevvest vvords pretends to vvant.  
May not these outsidcs then vvell boast of blood,  
Of honour'd stocke, of house as old as Lud?  
But let me leave such froathes, & shadovves vaine,  
Leading my Muse to our digressed aime:  
VVhat though these heape upon thee bitter scorne?  
Thy vvorth shall aye appeare as brightest morne,  
Or as that starre daies noted harbinger,  
VVish'd comfort to the home-bent travailer.  
A Pilgrimage thou knowvst this life to be,  
Pilgrimes should fast, not feast in jollitie.  
If great thy burden, slowver is thy pace,  
Howv lesser laden, better is thy case:  
The vvay is heavy, full of thornes & briars,  
VVith doubt full vvindings many men that tires,  
Hast thou vyher vvith fraile nature to suffice?  
Thou ha'st enough; thou art in happie guise,  
And little her contents, vvhy then should vve  
Needles vvith such great vveights oppressed be?  
Thou think'st thy share but small, thy lot too meane,  
Thy part most matchles tragicke in the sceane,  
Yet let not Passions raging tirannie  
Robbe reason of her due regalitie,  
Then shalt thou see the case is altred quite,  
Thou art not miser, but an happie vvight.  
Thou art not King, nor Keiser in degree,

C

Cares



Cares attend crownes, dire feares regalitie'.  
Scarce can the charmes of Morpheus blacke constraîne  
Their vvearied sences to obay his raigne,  
VVhen others sleepe in quiet, they opprest  
VVith ferall perturbations find no rest.  
If eate, or drinke, or ride, or sit, or lie,  
In every place, and in all companie,  
Both daie night and vvith restless thoughts & doubts  
They cruciate their souls, yet nothing bootes.  
Hovv many mightie Monarchs of the earth  
Have liv'd in constant trouble from their birth?  
Hovv ha's Dame Fortune toss'd them as a ball?  
VVhen at the height of glorie then they fall.  
Ag'd Priamus descended of high loue,  
VVhome fiftie sonnes did father call, that stroue  
VVith Greeces cheifest Champions, vvhat more greife  
Rain'd forth his bleeding life vvithout releife  
Iust at the Altar? VVhy should I stand to name  
That greatest Cæsar by the Senate slaine?  
Or Cleopatra, Egipts queene, that di'd  
By vvinding serpents poison'd stings, to glide  
To her beloved Anthony, before  
VVho tooke his journey to the stygian shore?  
Or yet that craftie King (Iugurtha nam'd,  
For policie, & feates of armes much fam'd)  
Of Numidea great Commander; t'ane  
By Marius, brought vn to Rome there slaine?  
Or povverfull Bellisarius, vvwhose highs deeds  
Rome, yea and all the vvorld vvith vvonder feeds,  
And yet constrained vvvas through vvant to pray  
For small releife to them that pass'd his vvay?  
No Catalogue of this I seeke to make

Of



Of greatest Peires that share in Fates did take,  
 This is no Chronicle, my taske's not such;  
 (Onely as fit) I give you but a touch.  
 Goe further yet, and see those Princes rare  
 That (Atlas like) the vworld on Shoulders bare,  
 VVhose Divine vvisedome makes their neighbours quake  
 Those less in strength, vvwhose very vvords doe make  
 Those that vv ere mortall foes to lay dovvn armes,  
 And then (as Beacon) being fired them vvarnes  
 Vnto Bellona's Court, vvwhich vvay he bends,  
 Observantly their resolution tends:  
 They humbly seeke his counsell farre & neare,  
 And as an Oracle his sentence feare;  
 Yet for all this he murmur'd at shall be  
 By the rude sencesuall sence lesse Com'naltie.  
 O those most blessed daies, that they haue seene  
 Cauf'd by the vvarres vvith such a King or Queene  
 Still yelp they out; or heare they nevvs of vvarres  
 Their note is chang'd, vvhat good is got by jarres?  
 Keepest he a Court magnificent? they crie  
 Such riot brings our land to beggerie.  
 Or is he frugall to encrease the store  
 The treasurie exhausted long before?  
 Then he's ignoble, then he seekes their shame,  
 He loues not honour, is no child of fame.  
 If yong, he spends his time in dalliance  
 VVith his faire Queene, neglecting governance.  
 If stricke in yeares, tush, then he's grovne a sot,  
 Ne vvhat of state or rule knovves he a jot.  
 Or haue their crying sinnes vvith a strong hand  
 Pull'd from the Lord a judgement on the land?  
 VVhether by dearth, or vvarre, or faintnes chill,



A coldnes at the heart, a listles ill,  
 V Which makes their lookes more setled, bloodles, sad,  
 Than if an ague strong them shaken had,  
 V Which takes avway all charitie and loue,  
 (That onely makes man like the Gods aboue)  
 All due respect, freindship, good neighbour hood,  
 Dries vp affection even in nearest blood,  
 V When vve can see vvithout relenting heart  
 Our brothers vvretched, vvofull, easeles smart,  
 V. When vve vnmou'd as fencles blockes can see  
 Subject of pittie, depth of miserie :  
 V When traffique is block'd vp vvithin the land,  
 And mony (life of trade) in misers hand,  
 V When every one seekes to devoure each other,  
 (Like ravening vvolumes) let him be freind or brother:  
 V When these, and such like plagues are felt so soare,  
 They looke not to the cause, but basely roare  
 Out bitter exclamations' gainst their King  
 For this their just deserved suffering.  
 Like as th' Ichneumon (little beast) does steale  
 Into the bellie of the Crocodile,  
 Beaking himself vpon the sunny shoare  
 Of fertile Nile, gorg'd till he can no more,  
 And there lies gnawing of his panch so vast,  
 Till he his life from monstrous corps ha's cast.  
 Or as that living Mountaine, natures vvonder,  
 That by his povverfull passage causes thunder  
 In the Atlanticke sea, cutting vvith strength  
 The foamic vvaues, and floods does cast in length  
 Many a furlong vvith resistles finnes,  
 V Which Triton much amaz'd, from revellings  
 And Courtly entertainment makes to rise,

Sending



Sending about to every part his spies  
 For quicke advise, if any there should be,  
 That might in question call his soveraigntie,  
 Ansvvere is brought, the vvhole strength of disdanie;  
 By the small svvord fish late receiv'd his bane.  
 The loftie Pine is subject to the ire  
 Of raging loud-tongu'd Boreas, all on fire  
 To hasten vvrackfull mischeife, & the fall  
 Of him aspiring and the Cedar tall.  
 VVhen as the shrubbes, the lesser trees, that grovve  
 Under their shadowve, (shrovved safely lovve)  
 Find no disturbance, but in peace doe liue  
 And kindly fruites in season due doe giue.  
 Is a slight Cottage blovvne vnto the ground?  
 VVe take no notice of so dead a sound;  
 But vvhen a tovvre, vvwhose spire most eminent,  
 Threatning the Clouds by thunder bolt is rent,  
 Or cast to humble earth by kindled vvraith  
 Of all-commanding Iupiter, dismai'th,  
 And makes vvith fearfull cold their blood to freeze,  
 That dvvel vvithin the hearing, or that sees  
 Its roaring dovvnfal; so man of meane degree  
 Lives more at ease, and less in jeopardie.  
 Is not thy state so high? thy store so great?  
 Thy bagges so stuff'd vvith coine? nor yet thy seat  
 So pleasant or commodious? vvhat then?  
 VVilt thou repine? O no, but thinke on them,  
 On them most vvretched creatures, slaues to vvoc,  
 That never fortune knevv but as a foe;  
 VVho never savve an happie day or houre,  
 But alvvays liv'd a pris'ner in the tovvre  
 Of miserie; the chearfull lookes of joy



They feldome could discover; greife, annoy,  
Sorrowe, laments, afflictions, heavines,  
Teares, discontents, troubles, disquietnes,  
VVhere e'r they goe, attendance strictly giues,  
And followes them precise as relatives.  
Many a vvearie steppe they faintly tread  
VVithout the sust'nance of a peice of bread,  
VVhen fierie Titan drives his scorching teame  
Bet vvixt the glitt'ring Cup and Diademe.  
Nor house, nor shelter haue they, to defend  
Them selves from cruell blasts, & stormes vvwhich rend  
Strong Oakes vp by the roots; the pinching cold,  
And biting frostes they must endure, vvich old  
Sterne vvratfull vvinter casts vpon the earth,  
By thee allay'd and qualify'd vvith mirth;  
VVhen thou in bed of dovne thy limbes doest stretch,  
VVith peircing pangs their feeble breath they fetch,  
Thou art encompass'd vvith thy freinds about,  
VVith feeling vvords to ansvvere every doubt,  
That quick'ning counsell, tempred vvith sweet voice,  
VVill freely, in due season, in termes choice,  
Administer to thy distracted mind,  
Casting thy cares, feares, scruples, farre behind;  
Thrice happie vvert thou, if thou didst but knowe  
vvith vvhat great good thy Cup doth overflowe.  
The Ape vnto the Mole complaint did make  
Of his tailes vvant, (his ornament,) but take  
Th'ansvvere, vnnvorthy creature, thou shouldst be  
More thankfull, vvhen my blindnes thou do'st see.  
If all the vvorld their greivances should bring  
Of bodie, mind, and fortune, for to fling  
In one place all together, vvouldst thou share



In their diuision equall? no, I feare.  
vvith Eagles eyes, thou pry'st into thy vvants,  
But seeft not thine excefs; vvwhileft thoufands vaunts  
Of the bare hopes, they haue for to enjoy  
Some part of that thou flighteft, mak'ft a toy,  
A thing of nought; the grace & bounteous love  
Of thy good God defpifing; do'nt remove,  
O do'nt remove by thy repining cares  
His fvweet refreshinge favour, vvwhich he beares  
To thee not vvorthie of thy bleft creation,  
A man, a Christian, nor of prefervation.  
How many at this instant lie inthrall'd,  
Their vvasted leggs vvith maflic irons gall'd,  
That courft bran for meate, & puddle drinke,  
And yet therof are fcanted, while they finke  
Vnder their vveightie burthens, taskes impof'd  
By Pagans crueltie, ftrictly enclof'd  
And pent in grisly Cells of bondage, flauces,  
VVhileft nought they hope for, but their quiet graues?  
How many in a moment are bereau'd  
Of all they had, by fodayne fire conceiu'd  
Through lightning, or neglect, or tyrannie  
Of rogues, bad neighbours, common enemies?  
The fame vvwhich vve enjoying leaft regard  
VVe more affect depriv'd of: 't is hard  
Iuftly to value vv our felicitie,  
But vvhen 't is clouded vvith fome miserie.  
No man can haue his vvill in all, but may  
Reftaine his vvifhes from a fruitles ftay.  
If all fhould fleepe together, tell mee then  
VVhat difference 't vvixt Kings, Lords & common men?  
The day of diffolution is at hand;

That



That general day, vwhen Gods vvheate shall be fand,  
 And brought into his garner; or to thee  
 Thy day of death approacheth speedily.  
 Then shall the teares be vviped from thine eyes.  
 Then shalt thou cleane forget thy bitter cries,  
 Then art thou free'd from all disasters, paines,  
 Then hast thou perfect cure for all thy maines,  
 Thou shalt no more be servile, but in love  
 Be made Co-heire vvith Christ of heaven above.  
 Cast from thee then, thou Punie, those vaine feares  
 VVhich shakes thy sounder faith, ignobly beares  
 Thy thoughts much loouer than the sordide ground,  
 And then againe does catch them at rebound.  
 If constant be thy troubles, vvithout doubt  
 Less violent, and time vvill vveare them out:  
 And as for those that are more violent  
 They be but flashes, seldome permanent.  
 Thou art not vveake in bodie; say thou be,  
 Thou art in Spirit as strong as strongest he.  
 Thou art not poore; but yet suppose it so,  
 In gods loue richer much than many moe.  
 Come, art thou crooked or deform'd? vvhat then?  
 Thou maist be right in heart tovvards God & men.  
 Thou bear'st no rule, enjoy'st no souveraigntie,  
 Thou rul'st thy lusts, that's cheife regalitie.  
 Say thou vvert maim'd, decrepite, vlcereous, blind,  
 Thy soul is sound, sees more than most vve find.  
 Hast thou no freinds? alas, he that can raise  
 Of stones posteritie to Abram, saies  
 That he vvill be a father to thee, freind,  
 And never vvill forsake thee to thy.

E N D.



